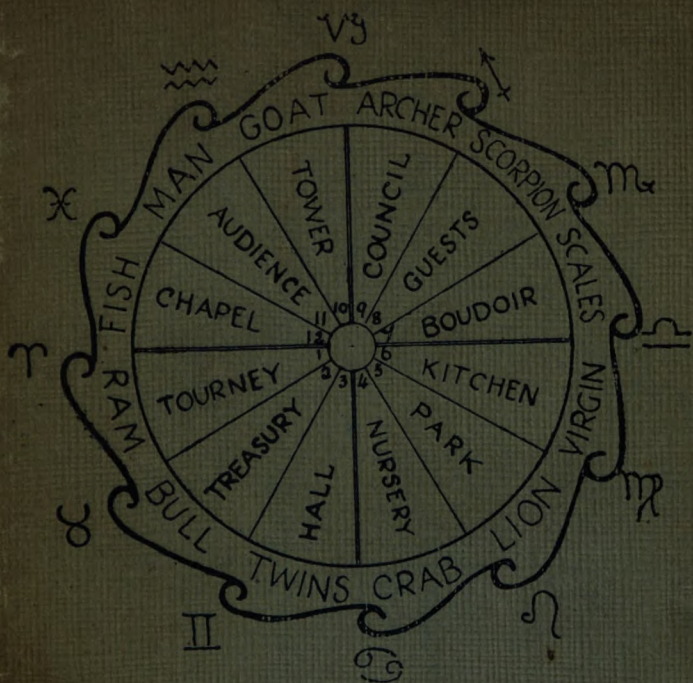

This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.

GoogleTM books

<https://books.google.com>





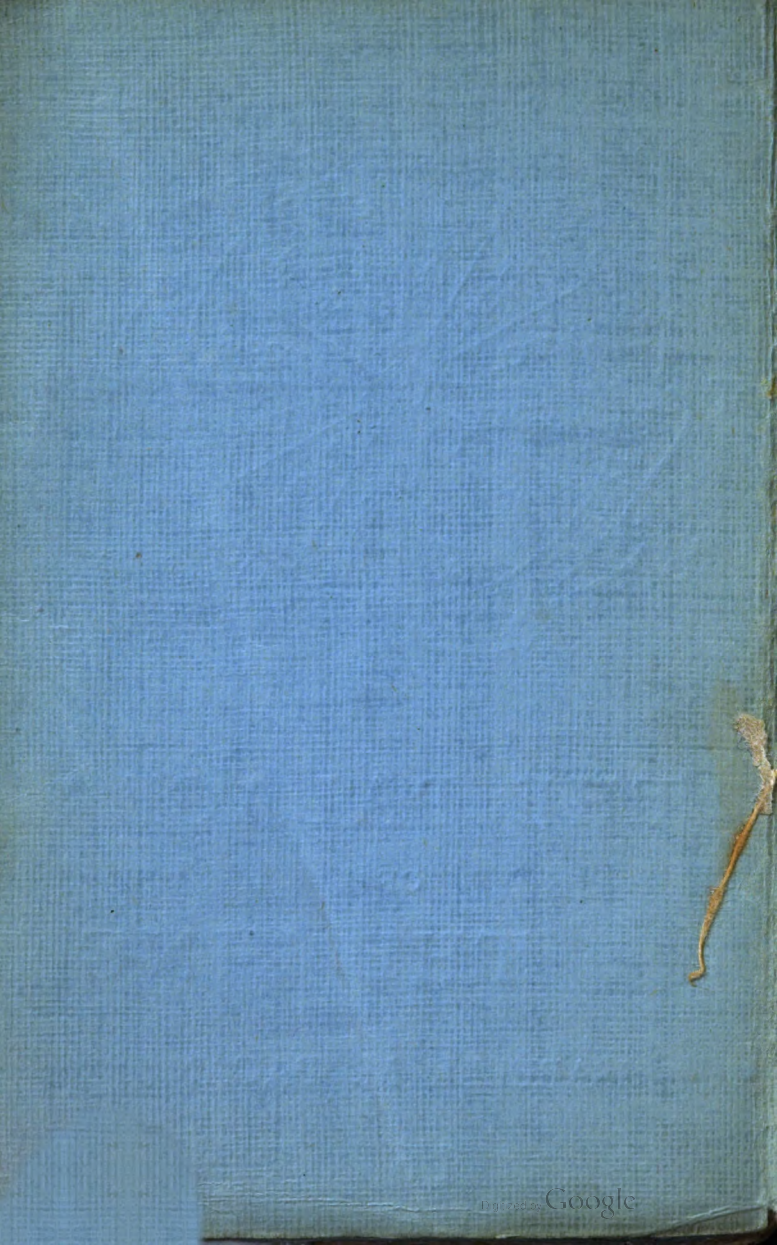
THE PALACE

OF

THE KING

ISABELLE M. PAGAN

1/6 net



IV (1873)

THE PALACE OF THE KING

THE PALACE OF THE KING

RHYMED LESSONS IN ASTROLOGY

BY

ISABELLE M. PAGAN

AUTHOR OF "FROM PIONEER TO POET"
"ASTROLOGICAL KEY TO CHARACTER"
ETC. ETC.

PUBLISHED BY

THE THEOSOPHICAL BOOK SHOP
42 GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH

1918

TO
THE MEMBERS OF
THE STAR ASTROLOGY GROUP

THIS LITTLE BOOK
BROUGHT INTO BEING BY THEIR
QUESTIONS AND ENCOURAGEMENT
IS GRATEFULLY DEDICATED
BY THE AUTHOR

EDINBURGH

12th December 1917

THE ZODIAC

*OUR vernal signs the Ram begins,
Then comes the Bull, in May the Twins—
The Crab in June, next Leo shines,
And Virgo ends the Northern signs.*

*The Balance brings Autumnal fruits,
The Scorpion stings, the Archer shoots ;—
December's Goat brings Wintry blast,
Aquarius rain, the Fish comes last.*

E. C. B.

(BREWER'S Dictionary of Phrase and Fable)

CONTENTS

	PAGE
FOREWORD	11

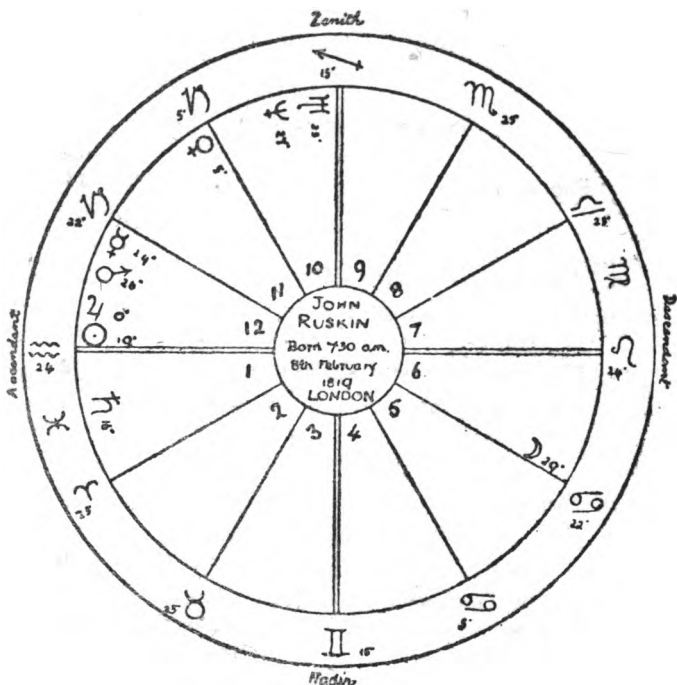
PART I

LESSON

I. THE CASTING OF THE HOROSCOPE	13
II. THE INTERPRETATION: A STORY BY STAR- LIGHT	20
III. THE QUALITIES AND ELEMENTS	32
IV. THE EARTH-MOTHER AND HER CHILD	36

PART II

THE TWELVE HOUSES AND THEIR RULERS	45
<i>(as Chambers in the Palace)</i>	
1. The Tourney Ground . Mars ♂	46
2. The Treasury (Venus?) . Juno ?	48
3. The Entrance Hall . Mercury ♿	51
4. The Nursery The Moon ☾	54
5. The Royal Park The Sun ☉	57
6. The Major-domo's Do- main (Mercury, <i>negative</i>) Vulcan ?	59
7. The Queen's Boudoir . Venus ♀	63
8. The Guest Chamber (Mars?) Pluto ?	67
9. The Council Chamber . Jupiter ♃	72
10. The Tower and Flagstaff Saturn ♄	75
11. The Audience Chamber . Uranus ♅	79
12. The Chapel Royal Neptune ♆	84
EPILOGUE	91



PLANETS

- | | |
|-------------------|---------------------|
| 2 in a fiery sign | 4 in cardinal signs |
| 2 in an airy sign | 2 in fixed signs |
| 2 in watery signs | 3 in mutable signs |
| 3 in earthy signs | 1 (Mars) exalted |

AQUARIUS rising; Sun rising in it

The Sign of the Truth-seeker

SAGITTARIUS at Zenith

The Sign of the Sage

Moon in CANCER. The Sign of the Prophet

FROM "ETHICS OF THE DUST"

"THERE is one great fairy who builds . . . crystals. I dreamed I saw her building a pyramid the other day—some dreams are truer than some wakings!—but I won't tell it you unless you like. You're all such wise children there's no talking to you ; you won't believe anything."

.

"But how you do puzzle us ! Why do you say *Neith* does it ? You don't mean that she is a real spirit, do you ?"

"What *I* mean is of little consequence. What the Egyptians meant, who called her *Neith*, or Homer, who called her *Athena* . . . or Solomon, who called her by a word which the Greeks render as *Sophia*, you must judge for yourselves. But her testimony is always the same, and all nations have received it."

.

"But is not that only a personification ?"

"If it be, what will you gain by unpersonifying it ? Cannot you accept the image given you, in its life ; and listen, like children, to the words which chiefly belong to you as children : *I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me ?* . . . Take that rose crystal away with you and *think !*"

JOHN RUSKIN.

"This then, with respect to the gods, from what I constantly experience of their power, from this I know that they exist, and I venerate them."

MARCUS AURELIUS.

FOREWORD

I FAIN would show you how to draw
Your "Wheel of Life," and as the law
That governs planets, stars, and man
Is hard to fathom, I've a plan
To make it easier for you.
And let me tell you, straight and true,
It's well worth while to try ; so come,
And learn to draw "by rule of thumb" !
No subtle wisdom, no great skill
Is wanted ;—just enough goodwill
To buy the books—you must have two—
One shilling each—but these will do.
The first is your *Ephemeris*—
A kind of Almanack, that is—
For just the year that saw your birth :
All students know how much that's worth,
For all the calculating's done
For every planet, Moon, and Sun !
The *Tables of the Houses*, next,
You're sure to want ; and if perplexed

By signs and symbols written there,
Best add a third book, to prepare
Your mind, some primer,¹ showing signs
Celestial, with a few short lines
Describing briefly what is known
About the Qualities they own,
According to the ancient sages.
Pray also read with care the pages
That give the symbol of each planet.
Weigh every word, and as you scan it
You'll find you feel just quite at home,
If you but know the gods of Rome,
Great Jupiter, "the Wisest, Best,"
Mercury, Mars, and all the rest.
Then take a pencil—paper too—
And write down all I tell to you.

¹ Sepharial's *Astrology*, or Alan Leo's *The Horoscope in Detail*, will serve.

THE PALACE OF THE KING

PART I

LESSON I

THE CASTING OF THE HOROSCOPE

I

FIRST note the name, and date of birth,
The hour exact and place on Earth.
The latitude and longitude
Must both be known, or it's no good ;
Because—a shocking thing in sooth !—
So many clocks don't speak the truth.
Instead of going by the Sun,
They follow fashions. Many a one
Sets standard time, like those in Rome,
Madras, St. Louis. Here, at home,
Our British clocks keep Greenwich time,
Or, if they're Irish,¹ Dublin's chime.

¹ Ireland changed to Greenwich time in May 1916.

So scan the map, and if you see
The town is even one degree
To East or Westward of the place
By which the clock has set its face,
This is the thing you've got to do,
To make that clock-time strictly true :

For each degree you Eastward go

Add on four minutes ;—clock was slow.

For each degree that's Westward passed

Subtract four minutes ;—clock was fast.

And now this neat correction's done,
You've got the time exact by Sun !

II

The time by stars the next thing is,
So open your *Ephemeris*,
And find sidereal time at noon
On day of birth. And know, as soon
As that is written, if your friend
Was born at noon, you're at the end
Of reckoning up the hour exact.
But we have got to face the fact
That some are born when twilight falls,
And others favour morning calls ;
So we must add—or take away—
The difference 'twixt bright noonday
And hour of birth, whate'er it be,—
An easy matter, you'll agree !

Thus, if a man was really born
 At nine o'clock, say, in the morn,
 We take away three hours perforce
 From star-time, noon. And then, of course,
 If born at nine p.m. instead,
 We add nine hours. And if your head
 Contains a brain that likes small sums,
 Another slight correction comes
 To make exact to just a second
 The star-time you've already reckoned.
 To every hour thus ta'en away,
 Or added, it's correct, they say,
 To add ten seconds first. (You see
 How little difference there would be!
 And let me whisper in your ear,
 It's not worth while to count so near
 Unless the *minute's* guaranteed
 Exact—a thing that's rare indeed.
 Your common sense must be your guide
 In what to do, or leave aside.)
 Perhaps, in spite of all your lore,
 The sum's now more than twenty-four,
 And puzzles you? All I can say
 Is, *take that twenty-four away!*
 And if—a chance by no means rare—
 You've *less than naught*, with equal care
Add twenty-four. The reason why
 Just leave alone till by and by.

On learning deep don't set your hopes
Until you've drawn some horoscopes.
All children talk before the rules
Of speech are taught them in the schools.

III

The *Tables of the Houses* now
You may take up. Be careful how
You turn the pages, till you find
The latitude you have in mind
Marked clearly at the very top,
For that is where you have to stop.
Then follow down the printed rows
Sidereal Time, until it shows
The very hour you've reckoned out
As star-time true beyond all doubt.
Just after it, all in a line,
The figures show you where each sign
Celestial must be written fair
Around the map you now prepare.
These tables tell where each sign stood
Throughout the Northern latitude,
And if a horoscope you make
For some one Southern born, just take
The self-same lists, and merely add
Twelve hours unto the time you had,
And also write the *opposing* signs
Instead of those in printed lines.

IV

If you were wise, you got your chart
 All ready ere you made a start ;
 But if you didn't, draw it now—
 The diagram will show you how—
 Exactly like a waggon wheel,
 With twelve straight spokes. Perchance you feel
 A trifle doubtful where to start ?
 The top—the zenith—is the part.
 Beginning with the highest, then,
 Mark each sign neatly with your pen
 Around the left side of your map.
 If here and there you find a gap,
 Fill in the signs left out (*between*
 Those at the spokes or “cusps,” I mean).
 The signs opposing never vary,
 So write 'gainst each its own contráry.
 Thus, Leo's opposite Aquarius,
 And Gemini to Sagittarius.
 And so go round, till none are missed,
 And you've completed all the list.

V

If that is all in order, then
 Take your *Ephemeris* again.
 Now for the planets, Sun, and Moon !
 All their positions just at noon

On day of birth have been set down,
And all you've got to do to crown
Your work is now to copy fair
The planet's symbols, each one where
The book records its true degree
Within the Zodiac's circle. See
You give a thought to where the Moon
May be, to keep things all in tune.
Because she moves so very fast—
One half-degree each hour that's past !
The Sun moves one degree a day,—
Or *seems* to move, we ought to say ;
For this is all "apparent motion,"
As seen by sailors on the ocean.
The planets vary very much.
That only matters if you're such
A fidget you would like all reckoned
To each short minute, every second,
Because you want to prophesy
(A thing that many students try) ;
For then you must be very nice,
And make your reckonings precise.
And find by good arithmetic
The place of planets that go quick.
(When folks are born abroad, in fact,
You've *got* to get this quite exact,
And note the pace at which they go,
And which are quick, and which are slow.)

THE CASTING OF THE HOROSCOPE 19

Put each in true position ;—see
You mark it near its true degree
Of Sign and House. You've got the plan !
And now !—Interpret, *if you can* !

LESSON II

THE INTERPRETATION: A STORY BY STARLIGHT

I

To draw a modern horoscope
Is easy, as I've shown, I hope ;
But after it is drawn, mayhap,
You're puzzled by the little map.
You concentrate, and strive and try,
And, with a big despondent sigh,
Declare, " It's far too deep for me,
And what it means I fail to see."
And yet a method has been found
Whereby your efforts may be crowned
With triumph, if you'll drop your pride
And take a fairy tale as guide ;
For these old stories often show
Astrology to those who know.
Thus, three Essential Qualities
May masquerade as princesses,
And planets, dwelling up in heaven,
Shine out on earth as brothers seven,

Or twelve celestial signs may be
Twelve beauteous maids of high degree,
To watch whose dance the wary wight
Must duly keep awake all night.
Then Silver-Locks, who breaks the chair
Belonging to the Tiny Bear,
And eats his porridge, grows apace,
And takes the Mother Bear's own place,
And then the Father's chair and bed,
And growing sleepy—so 'tis said—
Finds Mother Bear's couch next; at last
In Tiny's cot is sleeping fast,
When all the bears at once return,
And frighten her; and then we learn
That homewards in the dark she ran,—
And when the story first began
For children round their Mother's knee,
That's surely what it used to be!
It brought within their childish view
The phases that the Moon went through;
And still we see on *Moonless* nights
The Great Bear show his brightest lights.

II

Now, if you'll hear my homely rhyme,
Beginning "Once upon a time,"
"I'll tell you as it onward flows
A story that the whole world knows,

And, while you hearken, hint besides
The meaning that within it hides.
One of the meanings, that's to say,
For we are told that seven alway
Lie hid in every scripture true,
And *fairy lore is scripture too!*
These subtler meanings interchange,
And we must let our fancies range.
Not always we find Qualities
As sisters three. Thus one man sees
That Cinderella stands for Thought
That's slowly to perfection brought,
And being robed in wisdom fair
Weds Intuition, and can share
In all his heavenly kingdom's dower,
And wears a crown, and grows in power,
Till e'en her sisters own her sway.
(As Action and Emotion, they
Must bow to Reason, you will own,
When it assumes a royal throne!)
Of meanings there are many more,
And, if you like my fairy lore,
You'll find them freely for yourself.
If not—just lay me on the shelf!—
For heaps of books are writ for those
Who like things cut and dry—in prose!
But those who'll deign to take my hand
May come with me to fairyland.

And now, to cut our prelude short,
We'll don our brows and go to Court!

Once, in the Palace of the King,
A child was born, and everything
That could be done by loving care
Was done, within that Palace fair,
To make her happy, wise, and good.
The King himself did all he could,
And to the christening, you must know,
The fairies were invited; so
Each naturally brought along
Some fairy gift of speech or song,
Or beauty, wisdom, honour, love—
Such gifts as flow from heaven above—
A dower of graces manifold
That never could be bought by gold.
Now, every fairy, good and wise,
Was just an angel in disguise—
Some guardian of humanity,
Or tutelary deity,
Who gives like gifts to me and you,
If we are wise and good and true.
For Shining Devas everywhere—
Archangels—*Powers*, strong and fair,
Were recognised by the old sages
Who wrote for us these wondrous pages.

Each fairy name contains a key
That opes a holy mystery.
All sacred names beneath the Sun
Show separate aspects of the One.
Astrologers, in East and West,
Just use the names they like the best.
These fairy god-mothers who came
In chariots of fire and flame
Were planetary spirits great,
Who could foretell the infant's fate ;
And most of them in genial mood
Smiled happily around, and stood
With wand up-raised, and radiant eyes,
To call their gifts down from the skies.
But one was there—an ancient dame,
And yet a fairy too—who came
So cross of aspect that she vowed
No ripe old age should be allowed.
With lowering mien and angry breath,
She hissed out, "Injury—and death!"
And why? Because she looked around
And saw no fitting place was found
That she deemed suitable for her—
The *oldest* fairy god-mother!—
No jewelled cup, no golden plate,
Just battered silver, out of date!—
Unworthy service, you'll agree,
Makes fairies cross as cross can be ;

So mind you give your god-mothers
The kind of service each prefers !

III

The Court was all dissolved in tears.
“Our Princess—dead in fifteen years ?
The royal infant so ill-starred ?”
The christening feast was sadly marred.
But lo ! to all the sorrowing folk
A kinder fairy softly spoke.
Not death, but quiet dreams, she said,
Would gather round the little maid
(Illusions, Maya—what you please !—
Each nation has its name for these) ;
And she must lie within the tower,
And slumber till the happy hour
When her true Prince, predestinate,
Should enter at the Palace gate,
And climbing, find her sleeping fast,
And gently waken her at last ;
And then the mystic wedding bell
Should ring, to say that all was well.

IV

And all that fairy's words, we know,
Were then fulfilled. 'Twas long ago,
And yet the tale is with us, here
To-day, and shines with meaning clear.

For in its outlines we can trace
The story of the human race ;—
The birth of it—and every soul—
Into the Father's house ; the whole
Wide range of gifts, and graces too,
Latent, potential, dormant. You
And I are "Sleeping Beauties" now
(We may not look it, I allow !);
And what we all should have at heart
Is, how to rouse the sleepy part
To wake and see the shining star
That guides and guards us from afar.
And to that end each dons, you see,
An outer personality,
A suitor to the Princess fair
Who slumbers in the Palace there.
At first come failures, loss, and pain.
The young knight toils and strives in vain.
He tears his cloak on thorn or brier,
Is oft misled by dancing fire
That gleams across the trait'rous marsh.
He finds life terrible and harsh,
Misses the pathway, stumbles, falls,
Sinks in the bog desponding ; calls
For help, lest dragons prowling there
Should drag him to their darksome lair.
He perishes at last ; but then
He comes again and yet again.

Another personality
Is donned to "carry on," you see ;
And every time this errant knight
Wins farther forward in the fight,
And therefore, oft though he may seem
To fail, he's "following the gleam."
And lo ! at last he incarnates
As the true Prince, and finds the gates
Fly open to his bugle call,
For he has learned to conquer all
That erst did hinder on the Way,
And made him from the pathway stray.
The aged forester, whose lore
Has guided those who went before,
Is Old Tradition, wise and kind,
But limiting the human mind.
He cautions well, the Prince gives heed,
But goes on, bent on doughty deed.
The last ascent, we all must own,
Is trodden darkling and alone,
As Roland, Siegfried—all true knights,
Discovered ere they reached the heights.

V

Now take the little map in hand,
And try with me to understand.
The Palace of the King is there,
All bounded by a circle fair

(Or if an Indian map you've got
An octagon surrounds the spot).
Twelve warders guard the outer wall,
Each with his own great trumpet-call.
The first one, Aries, as we know,
Shouts, "Courage!—up and face the foe!"
The second, Taurus, bids war cease,
Commends construction, murmurs, "Peace!"
Then Gemini, the merry thief,
Says, "Take your joy, and banish grief!"
He's many-sided, quick of wit,
And what he wants he'll compass it!
Cancer, the crab, calls cautiously
For Patience and Tenacity;
Leo for Faith, and Glory too;
Virgo for Service, tried and true;
Libra for Poise, and Beauty's dower;
From Scorpio comes commanding Power.
The sportive Archer draws his bow
And shoots forth Wisdom—lets us *know*.
While Capricorn, the Goat that climbs,
Says, "Do get on!—Move with the times!"
Aquarius his pitcher fills
At Truth's deep well, that's fed by rills
So clear and cool, that never stop
Down-flowing from the mountain top;
And Pisces gives the mystic call,
Which says that love divine is all.

The warder of the Outlook Tower,
Right at the top, will sound with power
The trumpet-call that says, Now use
Your faculties, and wisely choose
Your calling, craft, or trade, or art.
If great ideals grip your heart,
'Tis here you'll find the largest view
Of all the work you'd like to do.
What best may suit your gifts and zeal?
To fight, construct, invent, or heal?
To serve or rule? Choose, then;—and yet,
Quite what you want you may not get.
For from the East a blast will blow
The warder there, who warns you so,
Will give some watchword which, maybe,
Will make your choice not quite so free,
And thus may stop your dearest plan.
Do what you like? Well—*if you can!*
But style and bearing, manner, voice,
Will always modify the choice.
Your aspirations will be blent
With feelings due to temperament.
We all wear fetters, more or less;
Our wings are clipped, our earthly dress
Imprisons us. We *use* it; still,
We cannot wander where we will.
So much depends on how we worked,
How many lessons we have shirked,

And whether we found peace or strife
When last we lived our earthly life.
The tree must lie just where it falls,
And when the angels' trumpet-calls
Summon us back, we start once more,
Much at the point we'd reached before.
This warder, standing at the East—
The rising sign—will hint, at least,
Along what lines you best may hope
To carry out your horoscope.
If he suggests variety,
Don't tie yourself to drudgery.
Of steadfast patience does he tell?
Then routine may do pretty well.
Is kingship hinted? Organise
The work of others. Enterprise?
Call hope and courage to your aid,
Break up new ground, don't be afraid.
Of all the warders round the walls,
These two will give the loudest calls,
From South and East; but other twain
Will also blow a lusty strain.
One, stationed down there right below
(At Nadir—that's the North, you know),
Your character will indicate,
And that will largely mould your fate.
Another, watching on the West,
If smiling at his very best,

Will put his bugle to his lip
And blow, "Hurrah for Partnership!"

But do the warders really smile?
Well, that is just the author's wile
To let you know that, in a sense,
They *do* show mood and preference.
They change their tune, blow sweet and low,
Or harsh and shrill. They wrathful grow,
Or silent stand there, sullen, dumb,
When uncongenial planets come
With aspects ill to mar their sign,
And make its influence malign.
But, when they're all harmonious,
Just *don't* they shower their gifts on us!

LESSON III

THE QUALITIES AND ELEMENTS

To judge folk merely by position
Is parlous work ; and Old Tradition,
Who really proves a splendid guide,
Will say you should have classified
Your warders in a clearer way
Ere noting just their places. They
Take rank as showing Qualities
Divine, in varying degrees.
Leo, Aquarius, and Taurus,
And Scorpio all come before us,
As showing purpose hard to shake
In those whose guardianship they take.
These four Fixed Signs thus manifest
Stability and Power best.
Then other four will clearly show
More Impetus and dash and go.
Less centralised their energy,
So more expansive they can be.
Please learn their names too, from my rhymes :—
The Ram that leads, the Goat that climbs,

The Crab that clings, the Balance fair ;—
 You've got the Cardinals all there !
 Then four again are neither fixed
 Nor Cardinal, but rather mixed.
 We call them Mutable, or Flexed,
 Or Common ;—Pisces first, and next
 Comes Virgo, and then Gemini,
 And Sagittarius. We see
 That more adaptable are they,
 And therefore wiser, in a way.
 And these three Qualities Divine,
 That through the Zodiac brightly shine,
 A wondrous 'Trinity will prove ;—
 Three GUNAS, Wisdom, Power, and Love !—
 And each of them is four times shown
 Predominant, yet ne'er alone,
 All interacting—likewise blent
 With every wondrous Element ;—
 With Earth and Water, Fire and Air.
 Symbolic these ;—and so beware
 Of brushing antique lore aside,
 And learn the Zodiac to divide.
 Three signs are fiery ;—Archer, Ram,
 And Lion too ; and sure I am
Two watery ones you'll find with ease—
 The Fish and Crab !—The third of these,
 The Scorpion, seems less fitting ; yet
 He's watery too, so don't forget !

While he who bears the watering pot
Is, most emphatically, *not* !
But builds his castles in the air,
Like to the Twins and Balance. Where
The air predominates, you know,
Mentality doth ever show,
While waters—rivers, lakes, and ocean—
Are all the symbols of emotion.
Most practical are earthy signs,
And if you read between the lines
Of poets whom the gods inspire,
You'll see that Spirit-life is fire ;
So high vitality, you'll guess,
Is found when Fire is in excess,
And money-grubbing's apt to show
In *earthy* people, here below.
The Bull, the Goat, and Virgo too
Work hard, and are rewarded through
The right result of all their pain,
Which is, the *faculty* they gain ;
And all four elements should be
Well marked at birth, and plain to see.
Then sometimes they won't mix aright ;—
We find that fire and water fight !
But add some Air, and earthy metal,
And won't the steam just boil your kettle ?
Yet Air and Earth make gritty dust,
Unless well watered ; and you must

Add fire as well, if you would fain
 Produce good bricks—or porcelain !
 A man of Earth and Water made
 Is rather miry, I'm afraid.
 And mere mud-pies are childish things,
 So, ere we all are really Kings
 The Spirit-fire must burn and glow
 Well fanned by Air—that's Thought, you know.

And now you've really got the clue
 That shows you what the warders do.
 When standing near a chamber door
 They *give the tone*, I said before,
 Or rather, *show the atmosphere*
Within the room. It's very clear
 That one likes active exercise ;
 Another ponders, thoughtful, wise.
 The work *within* the room is done
 In mood and method of the one
Outside ; and even fairies show
 Their moods, and many changes know.
 The fire of Mars is quenched, you see,
 If he in water chance to be !
 And Pisces' watery vapours drown
 Or cloud the Sun, and make him frown.

LESSON IV

MOTHER AND CHILD

I

Now look within the circle, please,
And note the fairy planets. These
Are god-mothers, of course ; and some
Are bright and happy, others glum.
Their mood and bearing may be known
According to the *aspect* shown.
By careful counting of degrees
Of distance, each from each, one sees
Exactly whether smile or frown,
Grimace or pout, is written down ;
Or whether, undisturbed and bland,
Indifferent they chance to stand.
If smiling, they'll collaborate
To brighten up the infant's fate.
Count thirty—that's a friendly look,
And sixty, *quite* a smile. The book
Says *double* sixty's sure to show
The kindest aspect we can know.

An opposition all can see ;
A square is half of that, and we
Are told those throw mis-chance at us !
But still, no need to make a fuss,
For discipline is good ; besides,
Perhaps some planet overrides
That threat of woe or loss or pain,
Like rainbow shining through the rain.
“ Behind the curtain,” oft, maybe,
Some fairy smiles, tho’ we can’t see.
The Princess, at *her* christening feast,
Had one such hidden friend at least !
Perchance ’twas Neptune, who amid
The curtain’s folds was safely hid ;
For in those days of long ago
They had no telescopes, you know,
To show the planets far away,
So quite invisible were they ;
And Neptune, like this fairy, seems
To give us often wondrous dreams.
Perhaps—for so the learned say—
Some planets yet are hid away
By distance, or—in Vulcan’s case—
Because the brightness of his face
Is just etheric, and our sight
Can only see his shining light
When “ second sight ” is ours—perchance
Through fasting, or some sort of trance.

II

Our Mother Earth sits quite apart,
Right in the very circle's heart,
And holds her nursling in her arms,
To guard and shield it from all harms ;
And in that infant on her knee
Behold our own humanity !
Then let your sympathies extend
Until you feel you have a friend—
A comrade true—a sister, brother—
In every child of our Earth-Mother.
If with St. Francis you agree
That all that lives, by land or sea,
Is somehow of yourself a part,
You're very near the Mother's heart ;
If flower and fish and bird and beast—
The greatest or the very least—
The forest tree or lichen lowly—
All seem to you alive and holy
Because they show the powers divine
That through this dear Archangel shine ;
If—even only now and then—
You tell yourself your fellow men
And women all are *one with you*,
Then something beautiful and true
That's heaven-born will issue forth,
And mystic vision show its worth.

'Twill lift you, as on mighty wings,
Above the plane of worldly things.
The very planets in the sky—
Sun, Moon, and stars—will all draw nigh,
And make their powers and presence felt,
As if your soul in heaven dwelt.
For now you get their meaning clear
Through breathing *Angel* atmosphere ;—
Not *air*, but fine and rare as thought ;—
A living essence, deeply wrought
Into each fibre of our frame ;—
A consciousness that some would name
As “Cosmic” ; for we’re “Super-men”
At heights like these ; and though again
The earthy body, weary brain,
May make us feel such dreams are vain,
No disappointment, loss of health,
Or bitter grief, or lack of wealth,
Can ever wholly break the spell.
Our inner faith says, “*All is well.*”
New life, new vigour in us flows,
Because *we know what Mother knows.*

III

You sigh, perchance, and sadly say
You cannot hope, for many a day,
Such heights to reach ? Well, never mind !
Just go on trying ; you will find

Some glimpse will come of knowledge rare.
Perhaps 'twill take you unaware.
Some page of ancient history
You'll read in *haunted house*, maybe !
(Such hauntings may be dark as night,
Or full of mirth and laughter light.)
Or, worship in some holy place
May build an atmosphere of grace
Divine ; so now the Mother see
As great *Recording Angel*. She,
Like other Mothers, keeps in view
All sorts of deeds her children do ;
And if her memories you'd share,
Why then, of course, you must prepare
Your mind to meet with *anything* !—
The heroes' deeds that poets sing,
And all their faults and failings too ;—
For though she's tender, she is *true*.
And this is why, in Northern tale,
When Odin great would lift the veil
That hides the future and the past,
To *Mother Earth* he turns at last.
Who knows the past, the future reads ;
For each effect from cause proceeds.
In Grecian myth, the Mighty One
They hailed as *Zeus* was made the son
Of this great Mother—*Rhea* called ;
And we may read, with minds enthralled,

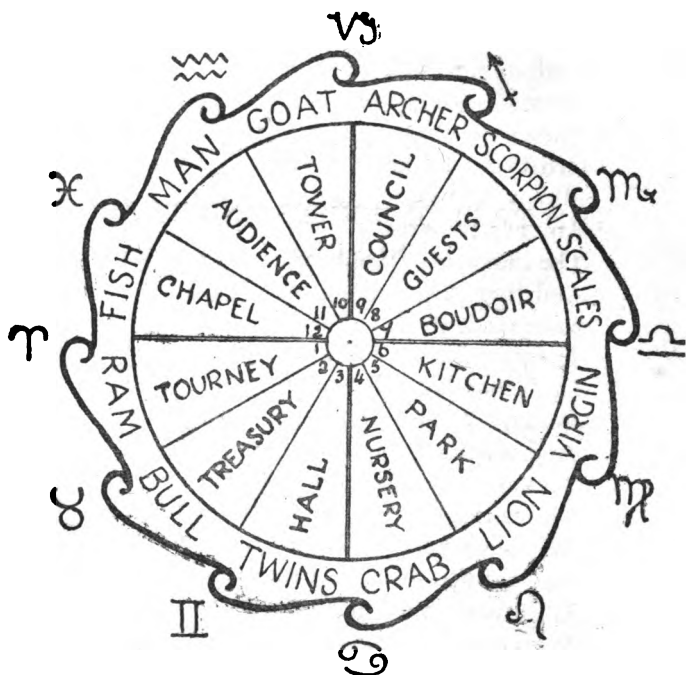
How both in East and Western Ind
And over all the world we find
This *Mother of the Child* appear,
Whom tribes of all mankind revere.
The fair white marble angel we
Beside the font baptismal see,
And also Mary, Mother mild
Who holds the Christ, the holy Child,
Both bring us thoughts of Mother Earth,
To whom at every infant's birth
Our thanks are due. 'Tis she who yields
The golden grain in harvest fields
To feed her children. She's the Queen
Of "Harvest Home" when mirth is seen.
More stately too, in Holy Writ
We read of her in phrases fit,
As clad in vesture *by the Sun*,
And *crowned with stars*; and any one
May see, if senses do not lack,
In those "*twelve stars*" the Zodiac.
Beneath her feet the Moon doth show.
This ancient scribe would have you know,
The Moon—erstwhile a planet fair,
Now old and shrunken, lined with care—
Though still she gives her silvery light,
Is just the Mother's satellite.

IV

Now, if you wonder why my song
Through all this lore is grown so long,
I merely give this lengthy list
Because I gently would insist
That it is natural and good
The child should share the Mother's mood.
How often e'en the wee ones know
That something brings the parents woe!
And when the Mother's heart is glad,
How happy too each girl and lad!
They make her griefs and joys their own;
And later, when they're older grown
(Especially if they are wise),
They *want* to learn to sympathise
With every feeling great and grand
That they are fit to understand,
And try to share each glorious thought,
That nearer heaven they may be brought.
Now notice how Earth keeps in view
The things the other planets do!
She varies movement—slow or fast—
When one of them is whirling past;—
Gives greetings, showing she's aware
She's not the only planet there.
(These gracious ways Archangels show
We well may copy, here below!)

Earth feels their influence, you see,
And, *as her children*, so do we.
Through evil aspects may commence
Some earthquake, plague, or pestilence ;
Great comets that come rushing by
May bring us changes as they fly ;
And ask the great observers whether
The Sun-spots do not send cold weather !
And though we cannot *all* foretell,
Some students do so fairly well.

THE PLAN OF THE PALACE



ZODIACAL SIGNS

♈ Aries	♌ Leo	♐ Sagittarius
♉ Taurus	♍ Virgo	♑ Capricorn
♊ Gemini	♎ Libra	♒ Aquarius
♋ Cancer	♏ Scorpio	♓ Pisces

SYMBOLS OF THE PLANETS

♃ Jupiter	♀ Venus	☿ Mercury
♄ Saturn	♅ Uranus	♆ Neptune
♂ Mars	☼ Sun	☾ Moon

PART II

THE TWELVE HOUSES AND THEIR RULERS

I

IF earlier lessons left you bent
On fathoming just what I meant,
Perhaps you feel impatient now,
And wishful I should tell you how
To know the difference between
The fairies? Well, their gifts, I ween,
Will show you clearly which are meant.
The old one—surely you'll assent?—
Is Chronos, Saturn, Father Time,
Who counts our days for us. My rhyme
Has told you how, when very cross,
He cuts life short, brings woe and loss;
And if you want the rest to scan,
Then take this very simple plan:
Just dramatise them all, and try
Quite clearly to identify
These wondrous beings whom we all
Archangels, Gods, or Fairies call,

With something that the human mind
 Can better grasp. First let us find
 A path that leads us right within
 The Palace precincts. There begin
 To greet with me each personage
 Appearing on this special stage.
 Then, if we listen, we shall learn
 The lesson each will give in turn.

II

First
 House

And first, a fair pavilion see
 Beside the Tourney ground, where we
 Expect to find the knights arrayed
 For swift encounter—unafraid
 Of shock, or wound, or loss of breath,
 Ready to struggle to the death ;
 For this is where the sons of Mars
 In conflict meet, and get their scars ;—
 Where Mars himself, the high command
 Who holds, prefers to take his stand.
 Let's pause, and hear his martial shout,
 That sends folk to the right about !

Mars
 ♂

“ Hail !—Chief command have I of all
 That appertains to strife. I call
 For action, courage, strength, and grit,
 For hopeful heart and body fit.

My smile will make you take in hand
Heroic tasks. My stern command,
When cross, may make you, truth to tell,
Too headstrong, somewhat vain as well.
Still, even if I give an order
In tones so sharp that o'er the border
Of what is wise and sane you go,
And rashly rouse the slumbering foe,
My strong vitality and fire
Will face the consequences dire
Without dismay, if self-control
Will guide your head and help your soul
To steer a course that's straight and clean
Above all passions gross and mean.
The third day of the week I claim,
And men have called me many a name.
The Indians hail *Khartikya* bright,
The English *George*, the saintly knight ;
Up North—as son of Odin wise
And Fricka—I am *Tyr*. The skies
Of Greece know Ares' ruddy glow,
And many a Roman youth would show
Me reverence at the Martial games
By wrestling well. My name of names
Is *Lord of Hosts*, whose battle-cry
Is raised whene'er humanity
Doth strive the victory to win
O'er strong temptation, deadly sin."

III

Second
House

The chamber that we visit second
Is where our worldly goods are reckoned—
The *Counting-house*, or *Treasury*.
Our work may bring to you and me
Endowments great and manifold,
In plenteous harvests, land, and gold ;
Or, efforts over, you and I
May quite enjoy a lullaby !—
And this is where our labours cease,
And bring us to our rest and peace.
Some folks are tempted here to linger,
And clutch their gold with greedy finger,
When fairies crowd in here and smile.
(Possessions then seem *well* worth while !)
But if they're cross, and chance to show
Their faces here, they let you know
That it is probably your fate
To lose your money soon or late.
But what of that ? You've oft been told
Material treasures such as gold
Don't really make you happy here ;
So, if this place is rather drear,
Go, seek for treasures found above,
Like faith and wisdom, truth and love.
Such things, you know, are given to men
By *loss* of riches now and then.
What stately figure, tall and fair,

Is this that comes to greet us there?
The books all say, "The Queen of Love,"—
The goddess of the gentle dove,—
And wealth and leisure suit her well;
Yet 'gainst that dictum I rebel!
The thrifty Housewife, you'll agree,
Is more what we expect to see.
Can *Venus* check our cash accounts,
And reckon up precise amounts?
Or bargains drive, and contracts make?
Oh, surely not! and if we take
Good heed of how the sages try
Their first remark to modify,
We learn *Her power is negative*
Within this house; and that may give
A hint that quite another kind
Of influence they have in mind.
Now, if we think of *Juno*¹ here,
Quite positive she will appear!
All kinds of contracts are her care;—
The marriage contracts have their share
Of her attention; and she's true
And steadfast—keeps her word to you.
Through faith and loyalty we find
She's wedded to Creative Mind;
So listen now, and learn with me
That Law personified is she.

¹ Vesta perhaps might suit. But the Juno, Hero, Fricka, Sarasvati personality is more befitting. Some unknown planet.

Juno¹
(?)

“I stand for order in the State ;—
For all that makes it *really* great !—
For true prosperity and peace,
When flocks and herds and fruits increase
In due proportion, as is meant ;—
With men and masters both content.
As daughter of the Mother Earth
I share her gifts, and feel their worth ;
Yet Queen of Heaven I am hailed !
This mystery may be unveiled
By those who know that, *now* and *here*,
The heavenly kingdom doth appear.
All those who own my sway will learn
From lawlessness away to turn.
Straightforward honesty for me
Is just the *only* policy.
Though bitter warfare, angry hate,
Are far from me, I guard the State ;
And if the common virtues fail,
I make the evil-doers quail.
My civic power makes wrongs to cease
(I always favour the police),
And under my benignant rule
The bairns are duly sent to school.
I do not *teach* ; but I endow
The halls of learning even now ;
And many a bursary is paid
From fruits of thrift and honest trade.

¹ A negative Venus.

As *Alma Mater* here I stand,
And spread my knowledge o'er the land.
For Mothers—all the worthy ones—
Desire true wisdom for their sons ;
And schooling, if it's planned aright,
Will help to ope the gates of light."

IV

Supposing you've made up your mind
Such heavenly treasures now to find,
You set your wits to work, perforce,
On ways and means, and plan your course—
An educative process that !
And e'er you've got the lesson pat,
Just let us cross the entrance hall
(Admire its pillars, slim and tall),
And on the staircase you may see
A messenger, who graciously
Will tell you what to learn by heart
Before at Court you play your part ;
But guard yourself from all surprise,
For he may come in *any* guise !
The messenger the King may send
May be your brother, playmate, friend,
In any mood, at any time,
With reasoned speech or nonsense rhyme ;
At home, at school, in bus or train,
He'll pass the word to you again,

Third
House

And stimulate your intellect
In ways direct—or indirect.
The great thing is, while waiting here,
To get the message straight and clear ;—
To memorise and pass it on,
As best you can, ere it is gone.
Now we advance a further stage,
And here to meet us comes THE PAGE :
Attend each word he deigns to fling
In passing, for he serves the King.

Mercury



“Good-day to you, my gentle friend !
My message is for you, so lend
An ear, and let me tell you straight,
That when you’re fighting adverse fate
You should be quick and keen and wary.
Enjoy your work !—and see you vary
That work with certain hours of play.
Don’t go on drudging all the day !
That makes men dull, morose, and sad.
When your affairs look really bad,
Take my advice, and think things out.
You’ll find some way, without a doubt.
If you’re in want of counsel sage,
You may not care to ask the Page ;
Yet, what to do, and what to say,
When to be sportive, when to lay

Aside all saucy ways and be
A model youth of high degree,
Who'll quite discreetly come and go,
There's none knows better, you must know.
At any given moment I
Can whisper 'Here's the thing to try.'
In art and letters I excel,
And merry pastimes please me well.
But when I'm cross you may prepare
For impish mischief—so beware!
I'll sulk, or shirk, or do my worst,
And show you all the wrong ways first.
An artful dodger I become,
A 'thoughtless monkey'—so say some!
Who of the future takes no heed—
Just gaily trusts to luck indeed!—
A clever scamp, a rascal thief,
With knavish tricks beyond belief.
And even grave mythology
Gives escapades to Mercury;—
Who, all the same, is hailed as Son
Of Jupiter;—and surely none
More quick his high commands to sense,
And to express with eloquence!
The Hebrew sages see my might
In the Archangel Raphael bright,
The *Friend of Man*, whose power divine
In planet Mercury doth shine."

V

Fourth
House

We pass from out the entrance hall,
And pausing, make a courteous call
Upon the people we may see
Within the royal nursery.
The Foster-mother here you'll find,
But others too may be inclined
Besides the babes in healthy play—
Or *discipline*!—to while away
An hour or two; and so they change,
These nursery folk, and we must range
In fancy ere their type we choose,
Or else its lessons we may lose.
The learned old astrologers
Called this the house the Moon prefers;
And, as we know, she waxes, wanes,
Grows old and young, and sometimes feigns
A total absence, dark as night,
At other times gives silvery light.
Selene, Dian, Hecate,
As different deities you see,
Yet each presents, in some fresh guise,
The Moon before our wondering eyes.
So let us give our fancy scope,
'Mid nurses in the horoscope!
First Phœbe comes, the nurse-maid trim,
Old Nana too, whose eyes are dim,

And, in between, the head-nurse, who
Herself will tell her task to you.

“My nurslings dear are all my joy.
Each tiny baby girl or boy
That in my careful arms is laid
I look upon as man or maid
That is to be; and so I strive
To tend and rear and keep alive,
And make them capable and fit,
Alert in body, sound in wit.
When fairies smile my task is light.
Their frowns, despite my care, may blight
By streaks of bad heredity;
Or, in the home some tragedy—
Some lack of love, or bitter strife—
May handicap the little life;
Or tendencies and habits bad
May either make the parents sad
Or over-anxious—too severe
And stern—too full of doubt and fear—
Or too indulgent, slack, unwise,
Unfit to guide and criticise;
And I must do whate’er they say,
And all the fairy hests obey!
If many fairy guardians shine
In my domain, then guests are mine,

The Mo

D

Who come to make a little stay,
And with the children chat and play.
Some youthful Aunt Diana bright,
In mirthful mood, is their delight.
Or Grannie comes, with silver hair,
And seated in the big arm-chair,
Tells tales that make us laugh or weep ;
And then, perchance, she falls asleep,
And lives and moves in dreamland, when
Her youthful days come back again.
For second childhood's place, you see,
Is also in my nursery ;
And when the King and Queen are there,
A bright old age they both prepare.
And further, when the nursery glows
With friendly planets, then it shows
That patriotic service great
Is in this life predestinate.
Behind my gentle presence lies
A greater still, we recognise
As dear *Dame Nature*, kind and true,
Who metes out health and strength to you,
According as each man and maid
Her rhythmic laws of life obeyed,
And ate and drank and chose a mate
When last they came to incarnate.
And next time they return to earth
Again I'll guide them back to birth.

The Hebrew sages know that well,
 And call me *Angel Gabriel* ;
 And far and wide my power you'll see
 In every lunar deity ;—
 In *Párvati*, and *Artemis*,
Iduna, *Brigit*, none can miss
 My loving ways ;—in saints beside,
 Like Margaret, and gentle Bride.”

VI

The next—a most important thing !—
 Is how to greet our Lord the King.
 The easiest place, I may remark,
 To find him is the Royal Park,
 Where in procession he is found,
 With all his children grouped around,
 In state attire ;—his heralds too.
 His radiance here may dazzle you ;
 But bow, or curtsey to the ground,
 To hear his royal voice resound.

Fifth
House

“ I am the King, the country's Sun,
 Whose mood and mien move every one.
 My heralds loud your praises tell
 When you have done your duty well.
 I give you honours, dub you knight,
 And golden glory in the sight

The Sun
(Apollo)



Of men will follow when I smile ;
But if I frown—woe worth the while !
Then wealth and proud position go,
My gifts come tardily and slow,
While everything you do or say
Gets warped or twisted, goes astray,
And captious critics follow you
With comment caustic and untrue.
So, if dark clouds have gathered round
My face, take care you hold your
ground.

Take no step backward, make no slip,
Of bright good humour keep a grip ;
Because, behind my changeful face,
Which now brings fortune, now disgrace,
The mystic Sun—the *heart* of things—
Shines on despite the moods of Kings,
With healing radiance, sweet and strong,
Inspiring e'en the angel's song,
'Hosannah! Hallelujah! Glory!'
Resounding through the age-long story ;—
A chorus that mankind can share
In joyous worship everywhere !
For Sun-gods everywhere are found,
Young, handsome, strong, the whole world
round ;—
As, Mithras, Surya, Phœbus, Baal ;
St. Michael too, who makes to quail

The dragon fierce, of fiery breath,
That threatens pestilence and death.
'Mong doctors learn'd, every one
Knows healing power is in the Sun.
All human rulers here below
Reflect this radiance ; and so,
The representatives you choose
With dignity and honour use.
Salute the flag !—Let praises ring !—
The anthem raise !—*Long live the King !*”

VII

Now let us leave the Royal Park,
And enter by the archway dark
That guards the big back door ; for now
The sixth house, here, will show you how
The people of the Palace feed—
Are served and clothed and healed at need.—
Tradition tells us Mercury
(Whom as the Page I've let you see)
Is *negative in here* ; but then,
What does that mean ? I ask again !
Not positive ? More cautious ? slow
And strong and wise ? The Page, we know,
Is quick of wit, and sharp and keen ;
While here, such talents as are seen
Are diff'rent—serviceable too—
But bringing other gifts to view.

Sixth
House

The Page is far too young and smart
To have such heavy tasks at heart,
So let us look for some one old—
For some one who might even scold
Young Master Page for knavish tricks,
And likes to work in chamber six.
Now, if you ask the housekeeper
Who carries out the work for her?
She'll say, "I'm busy. There's the
man !

Ask for the Major-domo's plan."
So listen well, and give good heed,
He sees to every household need.

Vulcan¹
(?)

"My service to you, one and all !
Let those who answer duty's call
To active work through skill of hand
Give heed ! Their tasks I understand
And forward in all helpful ways,
Ignoring fame, reward, or praise.
There's always plenty work to do.
The cook must roast and boil and stew,
The scullion polish, scour, and scrub,
The laundress fill her washing-tub,
The cobbler calls, our shoes to mend,
The dusty miller is our friend,

¹ A negative Mercury.

The weaver weaves, the spinsters spin,
Their bread they all deserve to win ;
For these are worthy crafts that feed
And clothe, or help some human need.
Still-room and buttery are mine,
Syrups and jams and cowslip wine,
And healing herbs ; and potions, pills,
And remedies to cure all ills.
My garb is home-spun, as you see,
But note its suitability.
As has been said by men of wit,
' All things are fine if they are fit.'
To listless dreamers who would shirk,
I say *No slacking ! Get to work !*
In service is true freedom found.
A man may range the world around,
But if a prey to discontent,
On idle pleasure only bent,
He's just a slave ; while, as for me,
Though body's busy, spirit's free ;
And I'm content, at set of Sun,
To hear the Master say, *Well done,*
Thou faithful servant, good and true ;
My joy shall now abide with you.
Such Gods as toil, with heart and hand
Attuned to serve, in every land
Are found ; and with great glory shine,
To show us service is divine.

“Up North, in bitter frost and cold,
The Saga poets sang of old
How life was hard and grim. We read
How men were spurred to valiant deed,
And how Thor had his heritage
Of worship, which our lively Page
Who stands for Hermes—Mercury—
Was wont to claim by Southern sea.
Thus *Mercredi*, though held down South,
Is banished from the Northern mouth;
No day for Hermes great we know
In all the week!—but *Thursdays* show
How Thor was loved in sterner land—
God of the Hammer, great and grand,
Who fights the Giants¹ Frost and Snow
And Black Despair, as all should know.
He never spares himself. His blows
Are all straightforward; and his foes
Are ranged against both gods and men
Before he tackles them; and then
He hurls his hammer, swift and true,
And as the Sagas show to you,
He’s ever Victor in the fight,
Because he knows that Right is Might.
In Southern Italy and Greece,
Where sunny leisure, rest, and peace

¹ Thor’s fights with the Giants are perpetuated in *Jack and the Beanstalk*, *Jack the Giant Killer*, etc.

Are easier come by, Thor is known
As Vulcan ;—he whose power is shown
In other tasks of subtler skill.
The Smith is he, and with a will
He breathes, and makes the metal glow,
And beats it into shape, and so,
With no time lost through waste of words,
He fashions armour, shields, and swords,
Or builds great palaces and halls,
With lofty domes and noble walls,
Wherein the Gods themselves may dwell,
And all he does, he does it well :
The very thunder-bolts of Jove
Are forged at Vulcan's glowing stove.
Look far and wide. His counterpart
You'll find enshrined in every heart
That prizes honest workmanship,
Where tool and chisel make no slip.
The *smiths* of old, it's very clear,
Are now our working engineer
And artisan. The saint for them
Is hailed in song as *Good old Clem*.
And though we've half forgot the myth,
We cherish still the name of *Smith* !”

VIII

Now take a breath one moment, ere
You mount with me the turret stair.

**Seventh
House**

Just half-way round the place you've been,
And much of interest you've seen.
Henceforth you'll find less arduous toil.
We leave behind the sons of soil
With brawny arms, and all their kind.
This upper story shows the mind
At work in subtler ways ; the soul
More prominent upon the whole—
The brain more active than the hand ;—
For strenuous tasks of high command
Are met with here ; but, as you see,
We come to them by slow degree.
And first we meet a gentler power,
Enthroned within my lady's bower,
Who counsels you to make no slip
In things concerning *partnership*.
From competition we must turn
Co-operation now to learn.
The Royal Consort of the King
Will teach us that. Her wedding ring
The symbol is of every tie
That makes us work more merrily.
So come with reverence due, and hear
Her voice resounding, sweet and clear.

Venus
♀

“I am the Queen of love and mirth.
My smiles bring happiness on earth ;

And here, within this chamber seven,
I promise you a taste of heaven.
For wedded love, when tried and true,
Brings higher planes well into view,
And is the symbol, here below,
Of mystic marriage, as you know.
Not weddings only are my care,
But partnerships, where people share
Their work, collaborating well.
Or if two friends together dwell
In amity and kindly love,
I bless their union from above.
In harmony I take my joy,
And grant my peace without alloy,
Unless I frown ; and then, perhaps,
You'll find that partnerships collapse,
And disappointed hearts will ache,
And love and friendship sadly take
Themselves away for quite a while,
And wait for me again to smile.
Wherever in the Palace round
You find me shining, royally crowned,
There friends will congregate, and do
Their very best for yours and you.
But sometimes criss-cross fairies come
To damp my mirth and make me glum,
Or, stirring strife, dissension breed ;
And then, when you are most in need,

Some trusted friend may turn, mayhap,
And give you quite a horrid slap,
Just when you thought him staunch and true ;
Or love may say farewell to you.
And when that happens, patient be,
And learn my lessons faithfully,
Without resentment, hate, or scorn,
Rememb'ring, none of woman born
Is free from flaw ; and bitter pain
That makes the fond heart ache again,
May teach you sympathy, through loss,
For all who bear love's bitter cross.
Few do me reverence here to-day,
But ancient poets sang my sway.
And Hebrew scholars know me well
As the Archangel *Anael*,
While Hindu worshippers delight
To honour *Laksmi*, goddess bright,
The patroness of love's young dream.
'Dread Aphrodite' was the theme
Of many a lovely stanza sung
In ancient Greece by minstrel's tongue,
And shrines were built, and altars crowned,
While youths and maidens gathered round,
To honour her with solemn rite,
And set the burning torch alight ;
And as they gazed, in wond'ring awe,
Were taught to reverence the law

That says, if love is to endure,
It must be faithful, strong, and pure,
Above all trafficking device
That binds it to a merchant's price.
Where it is bought and sold, you trace
The downfall of a waning race.
Where chains of lustful slavery
Bind women, men are never free.
Where both are given honour due
That nation grows in greatness too."

IX

When partnership is settled, we
May think of hospitality,
And so throw open wide the gate
That leads to chamber number eight.
This we prepare for honoured guest
By giving of our very best.
So sometimes, when a visit's o'er,
We're rather poorer than before !
Yet what we've gained in wisdom true
Our hearts and souls can tell us too ;
And certain legacies remain
That give us joy instead of pain ;
And then we feel some debt is paid,
That somehow in the past was made.
The place is haunted oft, I ween,
By wondrous presences, unseen

Eighth
House

Yet potent, who on angel's wing
Arrive, and sorrow with them bring,
Or joy ; but always search the heart
And stir its depths ere they depart.
And one, 'fore whom we hold our breath
In awe, is Lord of Life and Death.
He ends down here man's mortal strife,
And opens wide the gates of Life.
Now, who in all the Palace fair
Will stand upon the threshold there,
And what authority has he
To guide our hospitality ?—
It's really more an inner voice
That whispers here ; and so the choice
Of Court official seems to be
Some secret-service agent !—He
Who comes and goes, and plays his part,
Inscrutable, with hidden heart.
As Court physician he may pass,
With powerful potion in a glass,
To bring new health to you or me ;—
Or deadly poison it may be,
To make a bitter draught for those
Who show themselves the Monarch's foes.
The varying aspects, understood,
Will show you how to know his mood,
And whether he's a healer here
Or just a working engineer,

Who fortifies the Palace wall,
 And mines great chambers under all,
 Which may be used for praise and prayer,
 Or else may prove a dreadful snare,
 Or pitfall, tripping those who try
 In hidden ways to peer and pry ;—
 He's pledged to service staunch and true
 That no one wots of. Now to you
 He speaks, in tones of grave command,
 So hearken !—Try to understand,
 And realise that he may take
 All sorts of forms, for service' sake.

"Be vigilant and sober ! Bring
 Your best to serve our Lord the King.
 For all the guests that He invites,
 Prepare a welcome. Though the rites
 Of hospitality and care
 May sometimes fret you, yet beware
 Of failure. If your heart is hollow,
 Your deeds a sham, bad times will follow.
 Regrets, remorse, repentance weigh
 More heavily than I can say
 On rebels of the lawless sort
 Who bid defiance to the Court
 Of Heaven ;—for *effect* and *cause*
 They fail to link ; and deem the laws

Pluto¹
 (?)

¹ A negative Mars.

Are harsh and cruel and unjust.
And then I teach them that they *must*
Submit. Inexorable I,
And deaf to those who moan and cry.
So if such woe to you is sent,
Attend my counsel, and repent.
Converted and regenerate,
Throw open wide each inner gate;
For every great experience
That comes will deepen spirit-sense.
Look up in faith, and lo! my fire,
Which seemed to you a torment dire,
Will burn the dross and leave the gold,
And fairy gifts your hands will hold,
While light, and warmth, and cheery glow
Remain, your fortitude to show;
So, even if it costs you dear,
Greet every guest who enters here
With courtesy and welcome meet.
Go change his robe, and bathe his feet,
As you are bid in Holy Word,
And do it *as unto the Lord*.
The work will seem so dear and light,
If planets here are smiling bright!
But if they frown—a rebel you!
And hard the path you must pursue,
Till all your debts are paid, and then,
Sweet peace and joy are yours again.

My Protean form you'll recognise
In all around you, if you're wise.
As *Lord of Life* I find my joy
In generation, and destroy
All out-worn forms, whate'er their state,
In order to re-generate.
In Siva's shape in far-off Ind
I'm hailed, and everywhere you'll find
This power of mine acknowledged is
As third in all the Trinities.
The Life-Force—Holy Spirit great!—
On earth will help you to create
New forms—new states and cities too—
Will even hearts and minds renew.
As *Prince of all the world* I'm hailed,
As *Pluto* dark my might prevailed.
As *Hades* I was known in Greece,
Who freely gave the Earth's increase
To those who toiled with diligence;
And when their time came to go thence,
They met me in the shades below,
And there again they learnt to know
My law of Karma, and to trust
My judgment as supremely just.
From Azrael of visage stern
Man fain would turn, yet he may learn
That darkest visitations send
Him forth to seek the light, and tend

To progress ; therefore bend the knee,
And learn to bow to my decree."

X

Ninth
House

The council chamber where the law
Is framed should fill us all with awe,
For here we have to think things out,
And wrestle with all sorts of doubt,
And face our problems till we see
What kind of law will make us free.
The nation grows in many ways,
And often things the people praise
Are good to start with, but at last
'Tis found their day is really past,
And then their plans they must renew,
And do it diligently too,
Until the laws are fair and wise,
And thoughts and actions harmonise.
Now, individuals, like the State,
Must frequent changes contemplate,
And so may find themselves perplexed,
By deep and searching questions vexed ;
And very eagerly they'll go
To one they trust the way to show.
Now, who is fatherly and kind
And good, with a creative mind,
Constructive, keen and clear and strong ?
'To chamber ninth such gifts belong,

And as you enter, bow the head,
For here within, as we have said,
Is one who'll show you wisdom's way ;
So hearken all he has to say !—
While manifesting rev'rence for
This wondrous one—The Counsellor.

“ My portal may be strait, but still
It opes to those who have the skill
To knock at it aright, because
They have been taught to use the laws
That govern my kingdom, where
Men build their *castles in the air*.
If you would make things come about,
Make happy plans, and think them out.
If any wish is clearly formed,
My heavenly kingdom may be stormed
By iteration or by prayer ;
And so I say to all, ‘ Beware ! ’
And aye remember, every one,
To add the words, ‘ Thy will be done.’
Because, behind me stands a Power
Who sends alike the sun and shower
Upon the just and unjust too ;
And many a man has cause to rue
That ere he uttered wish at all !
For, oft in sorrow he may call

Jupiter

24

On fate to take the boon away
That erst he craved. The wise men say
That if this house is bright, and free
From powers malign, philosophy
Will lighten many a weary task
By teaching when and what to ask,
Thus giving guidance *how to live*.
Religion, too, will gently give
Good counsel as to *how to die* ;
And law will stand benignly by,
Approving methods, customs, forms,
And guarding well from mental storms.
But if, in dark malefic mood,
Grim planets in this house have stood
At time of birth, then wisdom grows
Through worry, strife, and other woes
That must be faced ;—by law's delays
Or frets and cares in other ways.
A man may go across the main,
Or round the world and back again,
Before he can make up his mind
What views to hold, or leave behind.
So sometimes travel far afield
This mental exercise will yield.
Of all the planets in the sky
Bright Jupiter in days gone by
Was deemed the greatest, wisest, best ;
And though men honoured all the rest,

His was the power most worshipped then,
As *Father of all gods and men*,
Who dwelt *on high*. With fitting awe
They revered His holy law,
And tried to frame in faith and trust
Good statutes, fair and wise and just,
So councils, both of Church and State,
To His great name were dedicate.
To see the Father face to face
Was the ideal for the race ;
To understand and eke obey
His law was then and is to-day
A wise man's part in the great plan
Of evolution. Thus we can—
Thus only—reach perfection's end,
And human frailties quite transcend.
My name and fame spread far and wide
In many a form personified.
As Zeus and Odin I was hailed,
Enthroned on high I still prevailed
O'er other gods ;—as Brahma too,
Creator I, and great Guru.
In East and West men worship me—
As *Wisdom*, in the Trinity.”

XI

Three quarters round the Palace we
Have wandered now, and here we see

Tenth
House

The postern of the turret stair,
So now for climbing we prepare.
That ninth house took us pretty high ;
The tenth goes higher still, so try,
By character and strength of will
And good hard work, to rise until,
Transcending mere ambitious schemes,
You reach the wider outlook. Dreams
And aspirations here come true,
If angel fairies smile on you.
But ere you have the power to go
Right to the top, I'd have you know
That you will meet with many a test ;—
Must work and play and take your rest
Through many a life before you gain
Your footing here. The Chamberlain
As Court official here we see.
He keeps the keys, and your degree
And skill and quality must know
Before he'll ope the gate ; and though
Impatient souls resent his care,
And fret and fume upon the stair,
While he says, "Slowly, slowly now !"
And sets the pace, and tells them how
"There's time enough," and "Those who haste
Unduly, often really waste
Both time and energy." But hark !
He's coming ! Listen well, and mark !

Saturn
h

“In my high office, it is clear,
I’ve got to ask your business here,
Enrol your name upon my scroll,
And see that you’ve fulfilled the whole
Requirements of the King, my lord ;—
Have got your new Court-suit, and sword,
And learned your pass-words, and your place,
And where to stand, and how to face.
That all takes time and training too,
And discipline that’s hard for you ;
But my delays are just, because
They’re founded deep on ancient laws.
What did you do in lives long past ?
And are you fit to climb at last ?
And worthy of the glorious sight,
The splendid view seen from the height ?
Or is your climbing just, at best,
A wish to outstrip all the rest ?
You own it is ? Climb on, I say !—
But yet remember, you must pay
For every injury you’ve done,
Through greed or haste, to any one
That you’ve outstripped upon the road,
Or hindered, adding to his load.
If you have made another bear
Your burden while you climbed my stair,
The order I’ve to give you is,
‘Go down again, and carry his !’”

But if you've really done your part,
And humbly tried, with all your heart,
To do the right and knightly thing,
Your name before the King I'll bring.
He will reward your ardour keen,
And, from the hand of our fair Queen,
You'll take your banner, broidered gold,
Upon the tower to be unrolled,
And fluttering in the breezes fair,
Show your achievements everywhere.
Now, ere you pass my postern gate,
Pause once again, and face me straight !
You've heard of me in many a rhyme.
The poets call me 'Father Time'—
Old Chronos, Saturn, Dagda hoar—
The harper, playing evermore,
To whose great music all must dance,
Who gives the moment to advance,
Who speeds you forward, keeps you slow,
Says, 'Kneel, or bow, or curtsey low.'
The grandsire of the gods am I,
And still my music sounds on high.
Though Zeus my son be wisest, best,
I reign, in Islands of the Blest ;
For I am he whom people praise,
The *Ancient One*, of *endless days*.
I regulate the onward climb
Of progress, by my gift of *Time*.

My golden chains have ever bound
The Seasons in their wondrous round.
Ere Summer's feast or Easter Eve
You keep, you've got to ask my leave ;
And children small with joy acclaim
My advent, loving well the name
Of Father Christmas, who brings mirth
And great goodwill to all the Earth."

XII

Our journey now is nearly o'er,
So, if you're ready, come before
The Court, and see a goodly show,
The Throne-room, where a man must go
To see the royalties in state.
And here the King will decorate
With Cross or Ribbon, Star or Garter,
And read the roll, and grant the charter.
All sorts of recognition here
Are signalled ; and to make it clear,
Please note, applause *within the Park*
Is rather different. Mere remark
Or gossip there may greet us all,
But here, if praise or blame befall,
It's expert praise or blame, you see,
From those who really ought to be
Our peers and equals, or our friends.
And if a shining fairy lends

Eleventh
House

A smiling face to grace the scene,
Bright guerdon will be yours, I ween ;
While if a frowning face appear,
Much criticism will, I fear,
Afflict you ; yet the wise man knows
True critics are our friends, not foes ;
And if deep knowledge they can bring
To bear upon your work, the King
Is right to listen ; and his guide
In all such matters should be tried
And trusty, gazing deep into
The well of Truth, whose mirror true
Reflects, in right perspective clear,
Whate'er bewilders us down here.
This audience chamber, as we see,
A place of good report may be.
And here officials who would serve
The King must quietly observe
And listen, noting clearly what
Is worthy praise, and what is not.
Now who is he that watches all,
And notes whatever may befall,
Examining how, why, and where,
And showing when we must prepare
For weal or woe, for blame or praise ?
We often read, in ancient lays,
How, with the Court Astrologer,
The King and Queen would both confer.

His learning was both great and deep ;
 On starry nights, renouncing sleep,
 He studied planetary laws,
 And strove to find the hidden cause
 Of strange convulsions on the earth.
 Men held his lore of priceless worth,
 From worldly pomp he kept apart,
 And pondered deeply, and his heart
 Was gentle. You will often find,
 He saw, when other men were blind.
 In later times his eyes grew dim,
 And modern science ousted him.
 He's banished from our Western Court,
 His art ignored, or turned to sport ;
 But still his type is often seen
 Conversing with the King and Queen.
 In quiet fashion, homely dress,
 The great *Head-Gardener*, I guess,
 Who Mother Nature keeps in sight,
 And views her works with keen delight,
 And knows the changing seasons too,
 Will bring this power into view.
 Upon the terrace let us walk,
 And listen to his earnest talk.

"Much ancient lore I've ta'en as mine.
 I know the weather, wet or fine,

Uranus¹
 ♅

¹ Formerly a negative Saturn.

And when to dig, and set and sow,
And how to force on seeds to grow,
Or hold them back ; and how the rain
And snow and frost come not in vain,
But banish blight ; how breezes bring
New strength to many a weakly thing.
At times I take my pruning knife,
And lop the branch, to make the life
By efforts fresh take deeper root.
Or else I guard the tender shoot.
I bud the rose and graft the vine,
That saps may cunningly combine,
Producing finer fruit or flower ;
And often I put forth my power,
And suddenly transplant a tree,
Which droops a bit at first, maybe ;
But when it hears ' the Gardener's word '
Will raise its head, and praise the Lord,
By growing stately, tall, and fair,
And thanking him who placed it there.
The laurel wreath I cull and bind,
And in the Throne-room you will find
Fair blossoms, ferns, and palms that praise
My earnest toil of many days ;
Or from the balcony you'll see
The terraced garden, each degree
Or step so cleverly laid out ;—
The fountain fresh, where waters spout

So high in air!—a pleasant spot,
Where oft I fill my watering pot.
Some Throne-room guest at times will go
To wander there, and see the show
Of blossoms, breathing quiet air ;
Then searching questions, unaware,
Will rise, and fill his inmost mind ;
And then he turns to me to find
How fruit is garnered in the end,
And why he sometimes sees a friend
Whose brow a laurel wreath adorns,
Exchange it here for crown of thorns.
I tell him no one gathers grapes
From thistles ; that Dame Nature shapes
Each plant according to the seed
Sown long ago ; and as men need
True Bread of Heaven for their growth
In grace, they all must shun dull sloth,
And sow with diligence immense
Good grain, for sheaves to carry hence.
Behind my kindly presence, try
To realise *th' All-seeing Eye*
Of Holy Writ and ancient lore ;—
The Great-Grandfather, known of yore
As URANUS, who reigned *above*
The Heavenly Realm ;—whose child was Love.
VARUNA is the deathless name
By which the sons of Ind acclaim

This power ; and Northern BURI too—
Grand-sire of Odin—brings to view
This aspect great that fills the heart
And mind with rev'rence. Not in Art
Of any kind is ever shown
This deity. Apart, alone,
'Neath starry skies, in quiet mood,
Some few have glimpsed Infinitude."
He passes on again, and we
Go forward, musing silently.

XIII

Twelfth
House

Eleven chambers we have passed,
And now we take the very last,
Which opens with a golden key,
And hides a holy mystery.
And ere we enter, let me say
A word about it by the way.
When many lives are over-past,
Man 'gins to look on each at last
As "day at school," in which he learns
All sorts of lessons ; then returns
To his true home, with joyous heart,
In heavenly life to play his part
Within the Father's House of Peace,
Where bitter pain and travail cease.

Yet e'en before that, on the stage
Of Earth below, his pilgrimage
May sometimes take him right within
The sanctuary, to begin
Rehearsal of the joys to be
When he from earthly bonds is free.
The perfect man will give, indeed
(As in the Scriptures we may read),
The whole of all his worldly store
To serve mankind ; and what is more,
He'll live for others, and obey
The Master's call from day to day.
And when bright angels smile in here,
Unselfish service, it is clear,
Will bring him joy and happiness,
And many grateful hearts will bless
The server and the giver kind.
But angry fairies bring to mind
The giving that is somewhat hard—
The gift that's forced, without reward
Or recognition here below—
And loss that comes as bitter blow.
So much depends on how we take
The trials sent our souls to shake !
Some people love a lonely cell,
And work and play and sing as well
In there, by happy choice, as those
Who roam at large. But, just suppose

The cell is *forced* upon a man,
Against his every wish and plan!—
Imprisonment is suffering keen
To rebel souls who really mean
To take all they can get, and hate
To sit alone and meditate.
And when the fairies frown in here
Their discipline will be severe.
Now, which of them will help us all
To bravely meet the higher call?
Perhaps an atmosphere devout
Would show us how to find this out.
The twelfth house is a place of prayer—
The Chapel Royal. Let's enter there!—
The service is beginning now,
And while we very humbly bow
Before the altar, we shall hear
The sound of chanting, sweet and clear.
Let holy music weave its spell,
And earnest discourse help as well,
And join with me in glad accord
To sing the praises of the Lord;
And then withdrawing, wander round
God's acre, where such peace is found,
And we may meet, half unaware,
The Chapel-master, musing there.
No searching questions he will shirk,
So come and ask about his work.

“I’m Chief Musician to the King,
 And fain I’d teach you all to sing ;
 For when a man has learnt to love
 True music, he can rise above
 All petty cares, and enter straight
 The heavenly country by the gate
 Which you can open with my key,
 And there much bliss and joy shall
 be.

Neptune ¹

The King’s Interpreter am I.
 In every way I can, I try
 To make His subjects understand
The way to serve their native land
 Is by harmonious action ;—still
 To move according to His will,
 And so keep concord in the State,
 Through learning to co-operate.
 For jarring note, and angry word,
 I substitute the full accord
 That helps the simplest soul to rise
 Until the doors of paradise
 Fly open to his wondering gaze.
 In occult ways my song of praise
 Can still the mind, attune the mood,
 Till inner truths are understood.
 Who sing or dance before the Lord
 Know every fibre—every chord

¹ Formerly a negative Jupiter.

Of all their being seems to chime,
Vibrating softly—keeping time
And tune ; and life, with beauty crowned,
Becomes one holy joyous round.
Who live it thus, can quite forget
The feverish grind and weary fret.
'Come unto Me !' the Master said.
I echo, *Come !—Be not afraid !*
For whoso would find rest from care
Will find it here and everywhere
If he the gentle voice will hear
That whispers soft and low and clear ;
And ever as His praise we sing,
He asks us ' Who will serve the King
Of kings ?—Who'll join His army ?—Vow
Obedience to His will ? Allow
His work to take precedence ? Own
That no man lives for self alone ?'
Once make that great decision, you
Will find a band of comrades true
Who from the path will never swerve,
Whose every sinew, muscle, nerve,
Is braced to do His Will. Who all
Have heard the voice, obeyed the call
Of Duty first and foremost. They
Are those who tread the narrow way,
Desiring, hoping, fearing naught
For self, as Holy Writ has taught.

The daily bread that helps their task
Is all they need or care to ask.
Serene, courageous, gentle, kind,
In service of their King they find
A freedom that is never known
By those who strive for self alone."

In every land beneath the Sun,
Among the deities is One
Who's hailed as Saviour ;—One who gives
Salvation—*health*—to all that lives.
He reigns within the Mystic's heart,
In hidden chamber kept apart ;
Not "of this world"—though *in* it still—
And showing to all men goodwill.
In Western lands the Christ adored
Is Elder Brother, Son, and Lord.
In India, Vishnu's Avatar
Shri Krishna is a guiding star—
The "Second Person," taking birth
In human form upon the earth.
He sweetly pipes—as shepherds use
To call their flocks—like Orpheus
Who taught sweet music too, in Greece,
And lived in Harmony and Peace,
And showed the Path—the ancient Way.
In Greece as well, the scholars say

The god who ruled the Ocean's foam,
Poseidon (*Neptune*, called, in Rome)
Was worshipped as the Saviour kind.
And still astrologers will find
That Neptune changes many a life,
And leads away from angry strife,
Through true conversion makes men whole,
And saves them, cleansing mind and soul.
His call "Renounce!" will clearly sound
Within the chamber where He's found;
And if He smiles, the answer free
Will come, "I give it, Lord, to Thee."
Glad sacrifice, for His dear sake,
Will oft a brighter future make.
Yet Neptune, in the ancient myth,
Could be aroused to fury; with
Wild storming winds his waves were tossed,
And stranded barks were often lost,
O'erwhelmed by heaving billows. Then
The waters would be calm again,
For he could say His "Peace, be still!"
And govern them by strength of Will.
And so we find a Scripture key
Once more, in our astrology.
The watery element, we know,
Will always the *Emotions* show;
And contrite hearts, if we are wise,
We'll offer here, in sacrifice.

And while we linger, worshipping,
Our active enterprise we'll bring,
Our treasure, and our intellect,
Our childhood's faith, and youth's respect,
Our age's fame and glory great,
Our power of service to the State,
Our loves and friendships, old and new,
Our bitter griefs and sorrows too,
Our thoughts, our aspirations high,
Our work that pleased the Master's eye,
And offer all ; and thus again
We've ranged around the Palace : then
In meditation we may see
The One Eternal Unity.

EPILOGUE

What think you of the parables I've told ?
Believe me, in the heart of them is gold ;—
True wisdom lies behind my babbling rhymes,
Which seem to you such sorry stuff at times !
They show no barrier doth separate
Our earthly life from that within the gate
Of heaven, where the angels work and play :
For heaven is not really " far away."
Its kingdom is *within*—and eke *without*.
Our Mother Earth, we know, beyond all doubt,

Is in the heav'ns, a planet bright and fair
And lovely, like the others shining there ;
And when we go to heav'n her loving arms
Are still around us, guarding. So no harms
Can touch us further, while we linger there.
By noting all her movements, we're aware
That by a spiral path she onward goes,
And study of the other planets shows
That all the solar system does the same.
No repetition anywhere. The game
Of life is played by planets as by men
In individual ways ; and if again
You take a thousand horoscopes you'll see
What infinite variety may be
In type and character and heart and mind !
No two are quite the same, as you will find ;
And if you con them well, and take the key
I've given you, and meditate, maybe
A subtle intuition will arise
Within you, and your verdict will be wise,
And help your friends to find the path aright,
Because you've wakened up this inner sight
That gives a hint of how folks ought to use
The gifts the fairies give them ;—how to choose
Their work, and how to guard against their foes—
Those "hidden enemies," who, I suppose,
Are just the secret faults we're apt to nurse.
(You will admit no enemies are worse !)

And though my verse just now has seemed to place
Each Angel-Fairy-Planet where its face
Will look its brightest—in the chamber where
Congenial work is found for it—beware
Of error! Don't imagine that the King
Is *always* in the Park. If you will bring
Examples by the hundred, you will see
In just how many places he may be!
He's *happy* in the Park—or on the Throne—
Or up the Tower; at other times, I own,
He really seems with great content to dwell
In Kitchen or in Counting-house. All's well,
So long as he keeps radiant and bright.
And naturally, too, the doughty knight,
Or Chief-Commander, tries to win his spurs
In diverse fields; and though the Nurse prefers
The nursery, she likes the boudoir too,
Or up the Tower may go to see the view.
The Queen at times may also climb the Tower,
The Counsellor be found within her bower.
(Then happiness proves aspiration's crown,
And wisdom adds to partnership's renown.)
I've sometimes known the Chief Musician found
Just totting up accounts! And I'll be bound
That when he does, the business doesn't pay!
The Page into the Council-room may stray,
Or in the Throne-room, or the Public Park,
Appear, and, if he's happy, make his mark.

The Chamberlain may try to joust and fight ;—
He's rather old to make a doughty knight !
And when he's in a mood to fret or scold,
The laurel wreath will tarry, I am told !
And if you dramatise them in this way,
My Palace people—sad, or grave, or gay—
They'll help you all the Powers to recognise
And make you astrologically wise.
But never let the ancient books affright
Your soul ! You'll find some writers take delight
In harping on the sorrows that will come ;—
Above all, *money-losses* make them glum !—
And if such things as that will give you pain,
I've told you all my fairy tale in vain.
But, since you've had the patience to endure
My rhyming to the end, I'm very sure
The money that you really want to hold
In careful keeping is the fairy gold—
The treasure that on earth we never see
Because it's stored in heaven ;—gold which we
Shall only find through climbing up the steep,
What time HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP.

